

Many an ordinary evening

in New Haven have I lingered,
flanked by East and West Rocks

(not cited by poets a la
Sleeping Giant in close
Mount Caramel) Since

I was on the ground,
didn't note especially

that lift and light and turn
of magic air inform-
ing natural ideas,

but rather seized the pain
handed to children in
the myth of any place

With a someone describing
a treatment at Saint Raphael's Hospital:
a kind of barbed metallic snake

twisted deep down the pecker
of a sinful acquaintance:

"You could hear him screaming up on
East Rock!" (or West) So the usual

lesson went. It's not at such times astounding,
the mere feel of air.